

Bus 306 Romance by bellabee

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(Mentioned)

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Summary:

We've ridden the same bus for a month and you suddenly disappeared for 2 weeks, are you alright?

Alternatively: Dustin and Lucas have been riding the same bus for a month but then Dustin yeets all of a sudden, worrying Lucas greatly.

Bus 306 Romance

Author's Note:

- For [beepbeep liv](#), [omfgiminlovewithneeks](#), [deasar](#).

Here I am, back at it again posting another henclair as if I don't have an abandoned ongoing. Eat up kids.

Dedicated to liv for yelling at me to write, Eds to tell him to write, and El for helping me upload in the first place. Love y'all

check me out on tumblr @maxine-gayfield

It was raining the first day Lucas Sinclair ever met Dustin Henderson. It was 4pm and he was waiting for the 306 bus back to his apartment building. He had just finished his last class of the day, Economics 101. He was ready to get home and take a nap, having been going since 8 that morning.

He was standing under the glass cover on the bus stop, taking shelter from the rain. It was cold, only 50° outside with the rain making it feel even colder. He was huddled with a few other people, all impatiently waiting for the bus to finally arrive. All of a sudden a car came zooming past, tires hitting a large puddle and splashing everyone waiting, Lucas getting most of the dirty water soaking through his jeans. He cursed to himself, feeling the denim material clinging to his legs even tighter. He tried to tug on them from the outside, to no avail. He was gonna have a fun time prying them off later.

He sighed as the bus showed up, letting the others get on before him - bad idea. He swiped his bus pass, sighing when he saw that there was no more seats available. He walked to the middle of the bus, reaching up to grab a handle as the bus started to move again.

He looked around at the different people on the bus, mostly consisting of fellow college students along with a couple elderly women. He made eye contact with a curly headed guy, one who gave

him a sympathetic look as he saw his attire. Lucas shot the boy a small smile before looking away, counting down the minutes to his stop, only 40 to go.

A few stops in and some seats were finally available, namely one near the curly headed boy from earlier. When the boy shot him an inviting look, gesturing to the spot next to him, Lucas quickly moved over, sighing in relief as he sat down. "Thanks, dude." He said as he turned to look at him, getting a shock at how much cuter the man was up close.

The man shot him a large grin, teeth on full display. "Anytime! Looked like you could really use a seat."

Lucas laughed softly and nodded, smiling back at him. "Yeah, you could say that. Anyways, I'm Lucas, you?"

The other guy's smile only widened. "Dustin."

The two struck up a conversation, talking about anything and everything. They talked about their majors, Star Wars, Dungeons and Dragons, the works. Lucas was surprised by how quickly he and Dustin had clicked. The two had only just met, but it felt as if they had known each other for ages already. He usually had trouble connecting with people, often coming on too strong and scaring them off.

But not Dustin. Dustin was just as enthusiastic about geeky stuff as he was. He was the one to launch them into the conversation about Spider-man, and how he was undoubtedly the best superhero. Lucas fell into the easy going argument, saying that Black Panther is *clearly* better than him. They got into a playful debate, both arguing their sides.

Lucas's stop came up in what seemed like no time, the conversation with Dustin making the time fly by. He stood up as they approached it, grinning at Dustin. "Well, this is me. Thanks for keeping me company."

Dustin gave him a toothy grin back. "Pleasure to meet you, Lucas. Oh, and Spider-man is definitely better."

Lucas laughed as he got off of the bus, no longer caring about the rain water seeping into his shoes and pants sticking to his legs as he thought about the cute boy with the goofy grin.

This routine followed them for weeks, sans the rain. Lucas would get on the bus practically every week day at 4 in the afternoon and find a pole to hold onto as the bus drove along. A couple stops later, once the bus had emptied up a bit, he would take his now usual seat next to the curly headed boy. Their conversations varied from day to day, sometimes about Star Wars and sometimes about how Mr. Laurent from the English department was “such a dick, dude.”

They had somehow formed a sort of routine. Get on the bus, wait for the seat, sit down, talk about something random, fall in love. Every day, without fail, they were on the same bus. Until one day, Dustin wasn't.

Lucas had gotten on the bus like every other day, excited for the no longer boring bus ride. He furrowed his eyebrows when he didn't see his curly haired friend. He looked around the bus, looking to see if he had just missed him in his quick sweep of the people. He frowned as he was nowhere to be seen, but figured he must've just skipped. That in itself was slightly unusual, Dustin was never one to skip at all, let alone without saying anything.

He shrugged it off for now and plugged in his headphones, resigned for the lonely bus ride ahead. He sat once he got the chance and looked out the window, looking at the slowly passing surroundings as he waited for his stop to arrive. He got off of the bus with a small frown and walked to his apartment building. He considered texting Dustin to ask where he was, but didn't want it to come off weird so he figured he'd just wait to see if he was there the next day.

However, the next day it was the same. Lucas had gotten on the bus, hopeful to see Dustin back in his usual spot. He looked around, keeping a sharp eye for messy curls and a wide smile only to find nothing yet again. He frowned as he looked around, hoping he had just managed to somehow miss the boy, but he wasn't there.

He sat alone on the bus once a seat was empty, leaning his head against the window dejectedly. He plugged in his headphones,

listening to some music as he watched the surroundings pass. His mind went back to Dustin as he wondered where his friend had gone.

Of course it was possible that he was just sick, but it was unlike him to disappear for one day without texting him, let alone two. He decided texting him couldn't hurt so he pulled out his phone, pulling up the contact 'Shirley Temple'. He typed out a text, hesitating for a moment before hitting send. The message was simple, just asking Dustin if he was alright.

Lucas set his phone back on his thigh, checking it every few minutes to see if Dustin had replied. Every time he checked he had no new messages and his phone showed that the other boy had yet to even see his. This made him even more worried, Dustin almost always had his phone in his hand and usually replied to his texts within a minute.

The whole bus ride was spent responseless, his nonstop checking of his phone not making an answer come any quicker. He got off of the bus, deep worry lines on his forehead at the lack of answer from Dustin still. He tried to rationalize that he was probably just sleeping or something of the sort and that was why he wasn't reading his messages or answering them.

He kept with his normal night routine. He greeted his roommate, made them dinner, did his homework, showered and slept. He tried to pretend he wasn't upset by the lack of response, though worry was growing higher inside of him.

This new routine followed him for a week. He got on the bus, looked for Dustin, rode the bus alone. He kept texting the other boy, no matter how desperate he seemed. Everyday, without fail, he would text and ask where he had gone, whether or not he was alright. Every day, his messages would go unopened.

He had become resigned, convinced Dustin was just avoiding him for some reason. He had stopped taking the bus and ignored all of his texts, so naturally he assumed he had done something wrong. What exactly, he did not know, but to him it was the only logical

explanation. He made himself stop texting the boy, no matter how much he still wanted to.

He went back to riding the bus alone, though every day when he got on he couldn't help but look around for a mop of curly hair. For another two weeks, the boy still wasn't there. He still rode the bus alone, wishing for his friend to return.

But then one day, he did. Lucas got on the bus like every day he had for the past weeks. He had his head down, ready for yet another long and lonely bus ride. He kept his eyes cast downward, not wanting to look around and get disappointed again. However, at one point when he finally looked up, he caught Dustin's eye.

His eyes widened, having not expected to see the boy back again. As soon as he could, he rushed over to the seat next to him. He went to say something, but the words got caught in his throat as he got a proper look at him.

Dustin looked much different than when he had last seen him. His skin was more pale, he had dark bags under his eyes and his lips were chapped and torn. Despite all that, he still had a nervous smile on his face.

"Hey," he said softly, awkwardness filling his voice. He looked up at Lucas, eyes filled with worry for his reaction.

Lucas's eyes were still wide, having not expected to see Dustin again. "Hey," he said, just as soft. "Where were you?" He blurted out before he could stop himself.

Dustin worried his bottom lip between his teeth before responding. "I was in the hospital," he mumbled. He heard Lucas gasp and shook his head before he could say anything else. "Nothing too bad, I just had appendicitis. Had to get emergency surgery and all that shit and was put on bed rest for the past couple weeks."

Lucas nodded slowly, trying to process the onslaught of information. "Jesus, dude. Are you alright?"

The curly headed boy laughed softly, glad things were seemingly going back to normal if the nickname had anything to say about it. "Yeah, I'm good now. All healed up and ready to make up that damn bio test."

Lucas snorted at the mention of the test, something Dustin had been complaining about nonstop before his disappearance. "I'm sure you'll ace it," he said before going quiet for another moment. "I texted you... a lot." He whispered.

Dustin sighed and nodded, starting to nervously play with his hands. "My mom came up to take care of me seeing as I couldn't do much. But with that came her lectures on how 'us millenials' are always on our phones so she took it away from me to 'heal properly.'" He said, rolling his eyes.

Lucas let out a sigh of relief once Dustin revealed he wasn't just ignoring him and laughed softly at his explanation. "Yeah, moms will be like that. Your phone was the reason you got sick, didn't you know?" He joked.

Dustin snorted and nodded, tense muscles starting to relax as he realized that Lucas wasn't upset with him. "Well, *obviously*. What else could it have been?"

The two fell back into easy conversation, almost as if Dustin had never left. They caught up on some stuff that had happened while he was gone, Dustin telling stories about his mom and Lucas about classes. They were both happier than they had been in a while, glad to have their best friend back.

Once Lucas's stop arrived, he was almost reluctant to get off for once. He had missed Dustin and didn't want to stop talking to him just yet. As he stood he got an idea and hesitated before blurting out his question.

"Would you wanna come over maybe?"

Dustin's eyes widened at the question, having not expected it at all. He quickly shook himself out of his stupor and nodded quickly, goofy grin coming to his face as he gathered his things and stood.

“I’d love to.”

Lucas breathed a sigh of relief, having been sure Dustin would find the impulsive question weird. He led them off of the bus, smiling widely as he started to lead Dustin the small apartment building. Once there, he unlocked the door, letting the other man walk into the slightly messy living room.

“Sorry for the mess, wasn’t exactly expecting company,” Lucas said with a laugh as he kicked off his shoes, placing them by the door. He took his coat off as well, tossing it over the back of the couch along with his bookbag.

Dustin snorted as he followed Lucas’s actions, placing his bag on top of his shoes instead of the couch. “It’s fine, dude. If it wasn’t for my mom my place would be 10 times messier.”

Lucas chuckled as he led the way to the kitchen, grabbing a water for himself and tossing another to Dustin. “You hungry? I think we have some Doritos around here somewhere,” he murmured as he started looking through cabinets.

Dustin just barely caught the bottle, having not at all expected it. He took a sip as Lucas asked the question before nodding. “Yeah, Doritos sound good,” he said just as Lucas triumphantly brought down the blue bag.

Lucas nodded as he grabbed his water along with the bag and nodded towards the living room as he started walking back towards it. He sat down on the couch, setting the bag next to him as he kicked his feet up on the table. Dustin followed after him, putting his water bottle on the table before sitting next to Lucas with the bag in between them.

They started talking like they were on the bus, the change of location changing nothing between them except for comfort levels. It was still as if they had been friends for years, even though it hadn’t really been long at all. At some point Lucas’s roommate Mike had come home but they paid him no mind, too wrapped up in each other to even properly notice.

Eventually the night had to come to an end, much to both boys disappointment. Time had flown by, the hours passing within the blink of an eye. Before either boy knew it it was already 7 o'clock, to both of their surprise. Lucas stood up as Dustin said that he should probably leave, walking him to the door.

He smiled sadly as Dustin pulled his shoes and coat on, opening the door for him. "I'll see you tomorrow, right?"

Dustin smiled up at him and nodded. "Yeah, promise. I'll be there waiting for you with a seat."

Lucas chuckled and nodded, smile taking over his face. "I can't wait," he said honestly.

The curly headed man picked up his bag, shrugging it over his shoulder. "Thanks for having me over, Luke. I had a really good time. I'll see you tomorrow." He hesitated before leaning up, pressing a soft kiss to Lucas's cheek. "Bye," he whispered as he pulled back.

Lucas's mouth dropped into an 'o' at the kiss, eyes widening slightly. He nodded dumbly at Dustin, watching in awe as he walked down the hall and out of sight. Once he was gone he walked back into the apartment, shutting and locking the door.

He tidied up the slight mess they had made, mind still reeling over what Dustin had done. He went to bed, collapsing onto his mattress with a wide smile. He brought his hand up, brushing his fingers over the spot on his cheek that had been touched by the soft kiss. Lucas fell asleep that night with a smile still on his face, thoughts of Dustin infiltrating his mind and dreams.

The next day passed as normal, though Lucas anticipated the bus ride much more than usual now that he knew Dustin was back. He got onto the overcrowded bus excitedly, grinning at Dustin when he caught his eye. He waited until the seat next to the other boy was empty before quickly sitting down next to him.

They talked as per usual, neither of them bringing up the kiss, though

it was all Lucas could think about. He had over thought it, of course, but for once he came to a positive conclusion. Dustin had to like him back. He had decided he had to do something to test his theory, no matter how possibly stupid it was.

Lucas waited until his stop was almost up, building up all his courage. Once it was close he turned to Dustin again and bit his lip.

"I really like you," he blurted out.

Dustin's eyes widened a bit and he tilted his head in confusion. "Yeah, I like you too Luke. Why do you think I talk to you every day?" He asked with a small laugh.

Lucas shook his head, nervousness clear in his expression. "No, I mean I *like* you, Dustin. Like, wanna take you on a date like you."

Dustin's jaw dropped slightly and he nodded. "Oh, *oh*." He said, trying to process the information.

Lucas cursed himself in his head, thinking he had read the situation very wrong. "It's alright if you don't feel the same. I mean I didn't *expect* you to I just thought you should know, ya know?" He rambled on.

Dustin laughed softly and reached up, pressing a finger to Lucas's lips and effectively shutting him up. "Luke, shut up." He said with a small smile. "I like you too, you dork."

Lucas snapped his mouth shut when the finger was pressed to his lips and he looked down at Dustin with wide eyes. His lips pulled into a grin at his words and he laughed softly. "You do?" He asked breathlessly.

Dustin chuckled and nodded, smiling wider up at Lucas. "Yeah, I do. A hell of a lot." He admitted.

Lucas beamed and nodded as his stop was almost up. "Great! Fantastic!" he said before clearing his throat. "I mean, uh yeah, cool. So I'm gonna take you on a date soon." He said and stood up.

Dustin laughed and nodded as he looked up at the taller man. "I look

forward to it. Let me know when and where so I can clear my calendar.”

Lucas chuckled and nodded as he shrugged his bag over his shoulder. “Will do,” he said as the bus stopped. He leaned down, pressing a kiss on Dustin’s cheek before pulling back with a grin. “See ya tomorrow, Dusty.” He said with a smile as walked off of the bus.

Dustin blushed brightly as Lucas walked away, bringing a hand up to his cheek as he smiled shyly. He waved at Lucas out of the window as the other boy passed, both of them sharing a dopey smile.

As Lucas walked home it had started to rain, but for once he didn’t mind. The rain now had pleasant memories attached, seeing as it was the reason he met Dustin in the first place. He walked with a smile on his face, nothing able to ruin his good mood now.

Once he got home he had one thought on his mind, *Thank god for Bus 306.*